

COWBOY

10¢

WESTERN

COMICS

Starring

No. 17

F.D.C.

A CHARLTON MAGAZINE



JESSE JAMES



ANNIE OAKLEY



Wild Bill HICKOK



TEXAS RANGERS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HIGHWHEELING

AN EPIC OF AN EMPIRE



Building An Empire

CIVILIZATION FOLLOWED THE RAILROAD IN VARIOUS WAYS. THE UPROAR OF NIGHT LIFE ON THE FRONTIERS WAS SO GREAT THAT COMMITTEES WERE FORMED TO RID IT OF THE EVIL AND SHADY CHARACTERS AROUND



Rollin' Thru The Desert

SIXTY TO SEVENTY YEARS AGO TRAINS ON THEIR FIRST DESERT RUNS HAULED EXTRA WATER FOR THEIR BOILERS IN TANKS DIRECTLY BEHIND THE TENDER. NOWADAYS LOCOMOTIVES STILL HAUL WATER TANKS ON LONG RUNS WHERE WATER IS UNAVAILABLE OR IS CHEMICALLY UNPURE



The Golden Age Of The West

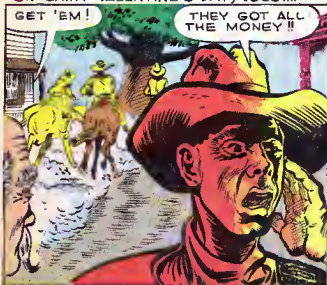
THE ERA OF THE CATTLE TRAILS COMMENCED WITH THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD. THE COWBOY DROVE HIS CATTLE TO WHERE THE BUYERS AND THE TRAIN READY FOR SHIPMENT, WERE WAITING



ON SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY, 1866....

GET 'EM!

THEY GOT ALL
THE MONEY !!



....THE BANK IN LIBERTY, MISSOURI,
WAS ROBBED OF 70,000 DOLLARS.

THEY GOT
AWAY!

DIRTY
THIEVES!

WONDER
WHO THEY
WERE?



AND THAT WAS THE FIRST OF MANY TIMES.

I'LL TELL YA WHO IT WAS, DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS!

WHO WAS IT, JED?

AW, HE DON'T KNOW! THEY HAD MASKS!

LIVERY AND FEED ST.



....THAT THE NAME JESSE JAMES WAS PINNED TO A HOLDUP!

IT WAS THEM JAMES BOYS, THAT'S WHO! JESSE AND FRANK JAMES!

SURE! GET IT WAS!

WAIT, MEN! DON'T ACCUSE WITHOUT PROOF!



JUST BECAUSE JESSE AND FRANK WERE WILD ONES AND BELONGED TO QUANTRELL'S GUERRILLAS...THAT DON'T MEAN THEY'RE CRIMINALS!

AW, SHUT UP!

IT WAS THEM ALL RIGHT!

SURE! ONE HAD A HAT LIKE JESSE'S!



THERE WAS NO NEWS OF THE TWO BROTHERS FOR NEARLY A MONTH. THEN ONE NIGHT....

THE MEN FORMED A POSSE TO RUN DOWN THE JAMES BOYS...BUT SOON RETURNED... EMPTY HANDED.

NO LUCK, JIM?

NAW! WE LOST 'EM.

WE AIM TO KEEP LOOKIN' FER 'EM, THOUGH!



HSSST!! CARL! MIKE! C'MERE, YOU FELLAS!

HEY, THERE'S DIRK... LET'S GO SEE WHAT HE WANTS!



LISTEN TO THIS! I JUST FOUND OUT WHERE AT JESSE JAMES IS HOLED UP!

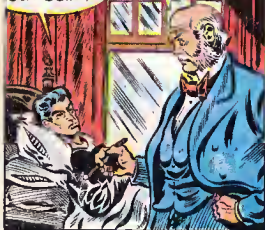
WELL, WHAT WE WAITIN' FOR...LET'S GO GIT 'IM!!



MEANWHILE, JESSE JAMES LAY SERIOUSLY ILL IN THE HOME OF A FRIENDLY DOCTOR. LATER, BOTH JESSE AND THE DOCTOR CLAIMED HE HAD BEEN THERE AT THE TIME OF THE HOLDUP.

DOC, I GOTTA GET UP AND GET GOIN'!

YOU LIE STILL, BOY... YOU'RE VERY SICK.



BUT, DOC, THIS STUFF ABOUT POSSES HAS ME WORRIED!

WAIT! SOMEBODY OUTSIDE!



JESSE, THERE'S FIVE MEN WITH GUNS OUTSIDE. YOU LIE STILL! I'LL GO AND GET RID OF THEM. DOC, IT'S MY TROUBLE. YOU STAY OUT!



BUT A MOMENT LATER...

NO USE STALLIN', DOC... WE'RE GIVING YA THREE MINUTES T' BRING JESSE OUT... THEN WE'RE COMIN' IN!!

GENTLEMEN, NONE OF THE MEN WHO ROBBED THE BANK ARE IN HERE... NOW GET OFF MY PROPERTY!!



I TOLD YOU IT WAS MY FIGHT, DOC... AND I'LL HANDLE IT MYSELF!

JESSE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO...?



LOOKIN' FOR ME, BOYS?

WHAT TH'?'?

IT'S HIM!!

I'M GONNA GIVE THESE BRAVE MANHUNTERS THE SURPRISE OF THEIR SHORT LIVES!





HA HA HA!! THAT'S BETTER!
RUN, YELLABELLY!!



JESSE: WHERE'RE YOU GOIN'? YOU'RE TOO SICK TO RIDE!!

HUNTED MEN CAN'T AFFORD TO GET SICK! THEY'LL GET LEAD POISON! SO LONG... AN' THANKS, DOC!



I STILL DON'T THINK HE ROBBED THAT BANK...BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW! HE'S A MARKED MAN, WHETHER HE DESERVES IT OR NOT.



NOTE:
TO THIS DAY, THERE HAS BEEN NO PROOF WHATSOEVER OF THE IDENTITIES OF THE MEN WHO ROBBED THE LIBERTY BANK

IT IS PROBABLE THAT NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW WHETHER OR NOT IT WAS A FALSE ACCUSATION THAT STARTED THE JAMES BOYS ON THEIR WILD CAREER OF CRIME, AND CAUSED THEM TO WRITE THEIR NAMES IN BLAZING LEAD LETTERS....



ACROSS THE PAGES OF **AMERICA'S FACT and FICTION!**

Annie Oakley



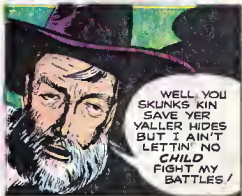
HEY, POP / GET SOME HOMBRES
OUT HERE / GU'S UNGER'S GANG
HAS JUST TAKEN OVER THE
BAR-X PAYROLL FROM IN
FRONT OF THE BANK....



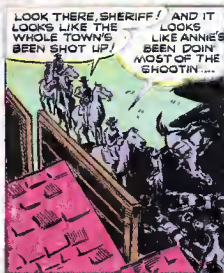
THAT'S ANNIE YELLIN'!
DID YA HEAR WHAT
SHE SAID?

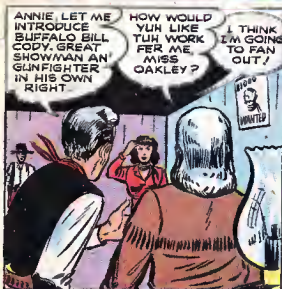
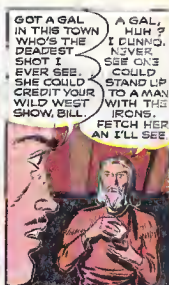
SURE WE HEAR WHAT
DID WE ELECT
A SHERIFF
FER?

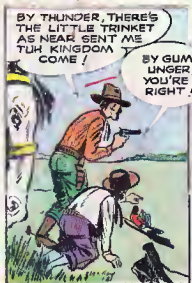
I AIN'T
GETTIN
IN NO
WAY OF
UNGER'S
LEAD!



WELL YOU
SKUNKS KIN
SAVE YER
YALLER HIDES
BUT I AIN'T
LETTIN' NO
CHILD
FIGHT MY
BATTLES!







TEXAS TRAIL

IN
MISTAKEN
IDENTITY

THERE'S THE LANOMARK
PAINT...SAGETOWN BUTTE..WE
SHOULD BE AT THE RANCH
SOON. POP NUGENT SHORE
WILL BE SURPRISED TO
SEE US SO SOON



A SHOT!
STRETCH YOUR
LEGS PAINT!

CRACK!

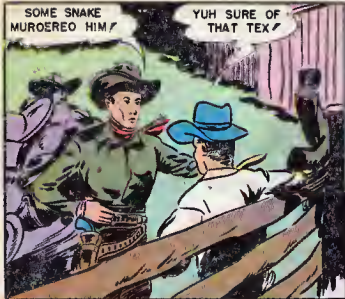


IT'S POP
NUGENT!



SOME SNAKE
MURDERED HIM!

YUH SURE OF
THAT TEX?



HE WAS SHOT IN THE
BACK WASN'T HE?



POP WENT OUT OF TOWN
PRETTY DRUNK LAST NIGHT
AFTER WINNIN' ABOUT
THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS
AT FARO!



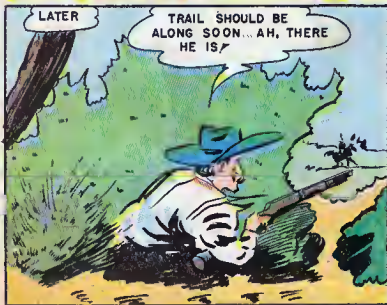
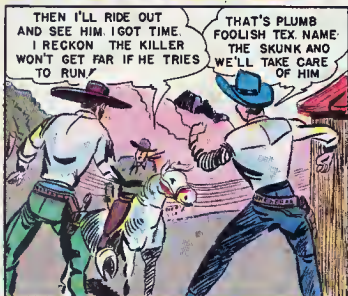
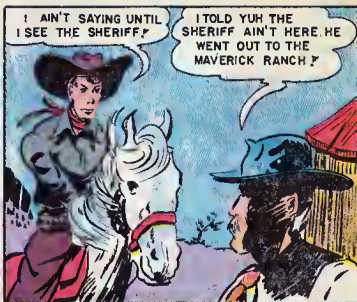
POP WAS MURDERED
AND I WANT TO SEE THE
SHERIFF!

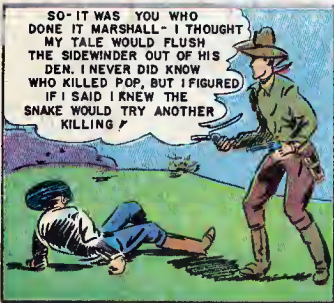


WE DON'T NEED
THE SHERIFF, I'LL TAKE
CHARGE HERE AND
IF I CATCH THE
SKUNK I'LL

I KNOW WHO
KILLED HIM!







THE END

Twain Shall Meet

C RISP steps sounded along the roadway beyond the fringe of trees and Buck and String crouched down into the brush, peering carefully out to watch the two guards moving past along the road. Beyond them, on the opposite side of the road, was the field, and at the far end of that stood the deserted building.

"Once they're out of sight," String whispered, "we go across, work up to that old shack, and from it we should be able to get a pretty good look at what's going on."

Buck rubbed the back of his neck. "You ain't just a-kiddin'," Buck drawled. "Wouldn't surprise me none to find more'n we're looking for. Well, Yankee, they're outta sight. You all set?" "Wait a minute," String warned. "Let's be sure—"

"Darn!" Buck swore softly. "You Northerners are all alike. I still can't figure out how the South lost the war!"

"Don't bother. Just worry about winning this one. Later . . . we'll settle the other one between ourselves. Okay, hot-shot, if you're so sure you're ready, let's go."

"Who goes first?"

String hesitated, and Buck chuckled and slid forward. Over his shoulder he taunted, "We Southerners always had to take the lead. I'll go first. Yank!"

AT THE edge of the road he looked in both directions, then, crouching, darted across and disappeared into the field of grain beyond. String waited a moment, breath held, a faint grin on his grim lips. He'd half expected to hear the sound of a shot, see Buck go tail over pin-feeathers. Maybe they were waiting. . . .

Without hesitation now String gripped his rifle tightly, plunged across the open strip. He plunged into the grain field, caught the sound of a dry chuckle from near-by.

"Bet you expected to get your ears clipped that time," Buck drawled. "Okay, soldier. Let's keep moving."

They reached the edge of the field below the house and peered out. Perhaps forty feet separated them from the side of the structure.

"Doesn't seem to be anybody," Buck growled. "Okay, Yank. Ready?"

He started up, but swiftly String reached out, yanked him down onto the ground out of sight again.

"Hold it!" String snarled. "Over there—back of the building—"

"I reckon you've got something," Buck drawled. "What's up here? We've gotta find out right quick—"

"We'll work around to the back," String growled.

From the woods back of the house, men were moving across the open road leading into the woods. They were moving material in, equipment of some kind, and working entirely without light. Back in the darkness of the woods to the north, there came the sound of a motor truck.

"Stick here," Buck whispered. "I'll be back. . . . I hope!"

He wriggled away through the field. String lay flat on his belly, watching the thin line of men moving back and forth into the building. Something important was happening. . . .

THE grain stalks rattled and Buck crawled back. "We've gotta high-tail it back to camp!" he whispered warningly. "They're setting up a cannon there you could stuff an oil barrel into. That ain't all! There's another building over north a piece, and the same thing's going on there. When our outfit attacks—let's go!"

It seemed miles back to the road. String

wanted to get up, make a dash for it. It gave him the creeps to think of the huge field rifles being readied there, to open up on them at almost any time.

They reached the road at last, and after carefully looking up and down, String straightened to a crouch and started across. He reached the far side of the road, plunged into the weeds and brush.

And a second later, he brought up sharply, a snarl of anger escaping his lips. Directly before him stood a patrol, rifle leveled, staring at String over the barrel. Instantly String's body tensed but he knew at once it would be plain suicide to try to get the guy. And with Buck coming over right behind him—

But instead Buck came in from the side suddenly and silently, the blade of his knife flashing. String ducked, but the guard crumpled and his rifle fell—

From the woods to the left came the sharp crack of a rifle. It was a little blurred, too fast. String whirled, saw a tongue of flame, saw Buck going down into a low crouch, then slide over onto his face—

Swift anger flared up inside String and he stepped back, pressing behind the bole of a tree. For a second after the sound of the two shots, silence pressed in gradually, with just the wind in the trees, the faint rattle of leaves.

CAREFULLY String lowered himself to the ground, crouched there clutching his rifle, trying to think. Buck lay out there, with at least one bullet through his body. Perhaps both had hit home. Even so Buck might not be dead, but wouldn't last unless given immediate aid.

Cautiously, String worked his way forward, moving through the dark in a small circle, coming toward the spot where Buck lay from the rear. It was almost impossible to see more than the vague outlines of the trees. But if he didn't spot the remaining guard first—

A figure moved slightly before him and String tensed, laying his rifle down, gathering his body. His hand slid to the knife in his belt, closed upon the slim handle. Forward again, inching his way soundlessly, holding his breath, watching and waiting, praying he'd get close enough and that Buck wasn't dead. . . .

A twig snapped faintly and instantly String launched himself across the remaining space. The guard whirled, muttering savagely as he attempted to swing the rifle around—

Buck crashed against him and they floundered over into the brush, crashing to the

ground. The rifle went flying. The guard flung himself aside, jabbed backward with a vicious elbow, catching String beneath the chin. Pain jugged down into him sharply, and for a split second he flung aside. The guard scrambled to his feet. . . .

Half crouching, String hurled himself forward, struck his opponent just above the knees, sending both crashing to the earth. String followed up his attack. The knife in his hand flashed sharply. . . .

He crawled back to where Buck was lying. He was breathing. String could feel the blood seeping through his uniform.

"Get—goin'," Buck whispered hoarsely. "You—Yankee—"

"Shut up," String ordered softly. "If you think I'm pulling out and leaving you here, you're nuts."

"No—good," Buck whispered. "Warn—the—outfit—"

"Quiet!" String snarled, going to work fast.

Ordinarily, within easy reach of a doctor, the wound might not have been fatal. But now, alone and miles from their base, String knew Buck's chances weren't so hot. The only possible chance was to get him back as fast as possible.

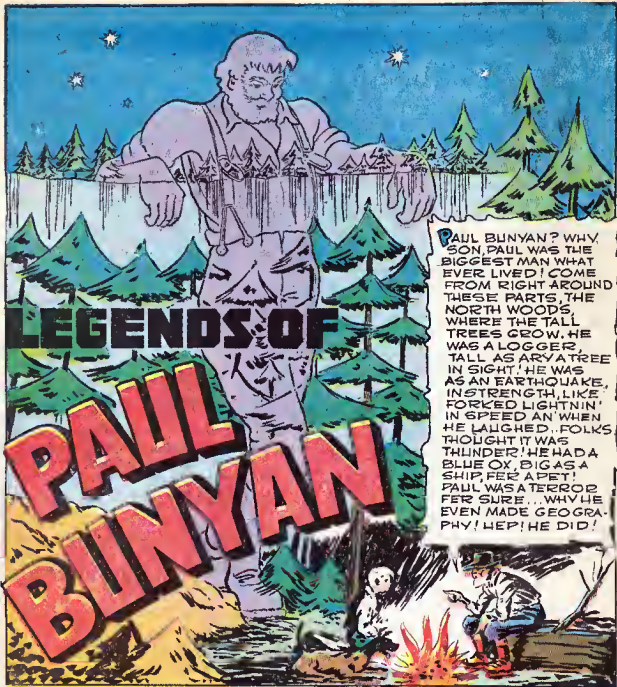
Carefully, tenderly, String got his companion up onto his shoulders, turned and started back through the woods. It was a long way but it had to be done and it was worth it. He couldn't leave Buck here to die alone. . . .

IT WAS further than String had realized. His slim, powerful body was exhausted when finally he staggered down the gentle slope and out toward the camp. Patrols picked them up. . . . a jeep whined out of the darkness and a moment later they were rushing back through the darkness toward camp.

"You can talk to him for a minute," Captain Ryder permitted String. "He'll be okay. You're both entitled to all the credit in the world, for the importance of the mission you have accomplished."

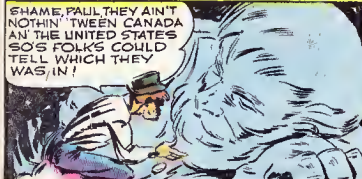
There were circles under Buck's eyes, grim lines about his mouth, but he managed a grin as String stepped up to his bedside.

"I—I take it all—back," Buck whispered. "What—what I said—about you Yanks—" He waited a minute, eyes closed, grin broadening a little. He added softly, "You—you're the fightin'est—Northerner I ever—saw. But—I'll still take you on—when we get home!"

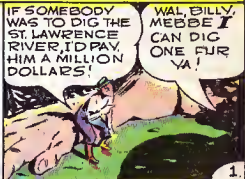


PAUL BUNYAN? WHY, SON, PAUL WAS THE BIGGEST MAN WHAT EVER LIVED! COME FROM RIGHT AROUND THESE PARTS, THE NORTH WOODS, WHERE THE TALL TREES GROW. HE WAS A LOGGER, TALL AS ARYATREE IN SIGHT! HE WAS AS AN EARTHQUAKE, IN STRENGTH, LIKE FORKED LIGHTNIN' IN SPEED AN' WHEN HE LAUGHED, FOLKS THOUGHT IT WAS THUNDER! HE HAD A BLUE OX, BIG AS A SHIP, FER A PET! PAUL WAS A TERROR, FER SURE... WHY HE EVEN MADE GEOGRAPHY! HEY! HE DID!

FOR INSTANCE, I RECOMEMBER THE TIME PAUL AN' BILLY PILGRIM GOT GABBIN'...



SHAME, PAUL, THEY AIN'T NOthin' TWEEN CANADA AN' THE UNITED STATES SO'S FOLKS COULD TELL WHICH THEY WAS, IN!



IF SOMEBODY WAS TO DIG THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, I'D PAY HIM A MILLION DOLLARS!

WAL, BILLY, MEBBE I CAN DIG ONE FUR YA!

WAL, FIRST PAUL WENT OVER WEST A
L'L AN' GOT HISSELF SOME IRON
ORE OUT'N A MOUNTAIN....



AN HE GOES A'POUNDIN' ON IT
FER A HOUR ER SO....

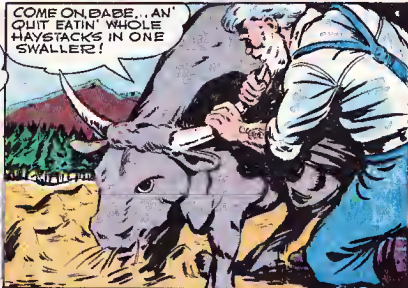


AN PURTY SOON HE HAD
HISSELF A NICE DUMP
SHOVEL.



AN' NOW TO GIT
BABE AN' DO
US A DAY'S
WORK!

COME ON, BABE... AN'
QUIT EATIN' WHOLE
HAYSTACKS IN ONE
SWALLER!



BABE YA GONNA MAKE
FOLKS MAD AT YA IF YA
DRINK UP ALL THE WATER
IN THE GREAT LAKES,
LIKE YA DONE AFORE!

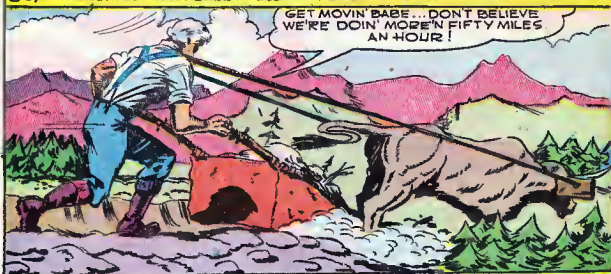


PAUL WAS A MITE OFF IN HIS DIRECTION
SO THAT'S WHY THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER
LEANS A LEEETLE TO NORTHWARDS!



RECKON WE'LL START
RIGHT HERE BY THE
LAKE AN' HEAD EAST!
GEE UP, BABE, GIT
A DIGGIN'!

SO, WITH PAUL APUSHIN' AN' BABE APULLIN' - THEY STARTED MAKIN' THE ST. LAWRENCE.



GET MOVIN' BABE... DON'T BELIEVE
WE'RE DOIN' MORE'N FIFTY MILES
AN HOUR!

OVER THE HILLS? NOPE,
I MEAN THROUGH 'EM
TAKIN' TREES 'NALL!



BETTER DUMP THIS DIRT A
WAYS FROM THE NEW
RIVER! THERE'S A GOOD
LEVEL SPOT OVER
THERE!

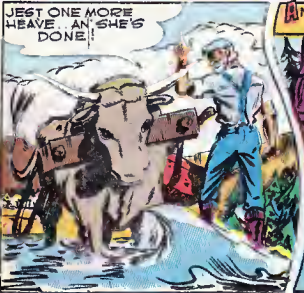


COURSE PAUL HAD TO
STOP AN' DUMP THE
SHOVEL EVER' SO OFTEN!

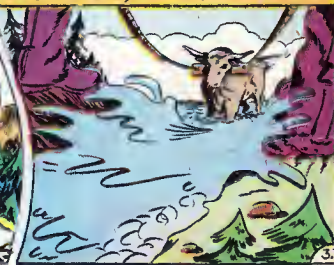
AN' HE KEPT DUMPIN' IT IN A
PLACE CALLED VERMONT.
YA KIN SEE THOSE PILES O'
DIRT TO DAY! FOLKS CALL
'EM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS!



JEST ONE MORE
HEAVE, AN' SHE'S
DONE!



AN' THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER WAS ALL
COMPLETE, BY GUM!



BUT THEN THAT RASCALLION, BILLY PILGRIM
TRIED TO GO BACK ON HIS BARGAIN...

IT AIN'T RIGHT FER A
MAN TO GIT A MILLION
DOLLARS FER A DAYS
WORK! I AIN'T
PAYIN'!

NOW, THAT AIN'T NICE!
YOU'RE GOIN' BACK
ON A BARGAIN! I'M
JEST GONNA THROW
THIS PILE O' DIRT BACK
AGIN!



I'M JEST GONNA KEEP
LETTIN' THESE LITTLE
DRIBBLES O' DIRT FALL
BACK IN THE RIVER
'TILL YOU
PAY ME!

**HEY!
QUIT!**



WELL, PAUL KEPT DROPPIN'
HUNDREDS OF LUMPS INTO
THE RIVER....

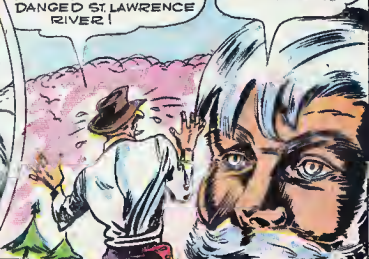
YOU'RE FILLIN' HER
PLUMB UP AGIN!
I'LL PAY YA HALF!
JEST HALF!

NOPE! WE
SETTLED
FER A
MILLION!



ALRIGHT! A'RIGHT! I'LL PAY
YA 'FORE YA RUIN THE
DANGED ST. LAWRENCE
RIVER!

THAT'S BETTER,
PARTNER!

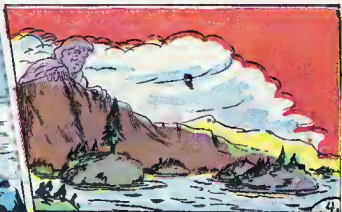


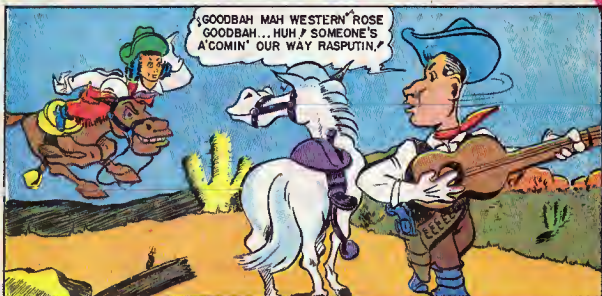
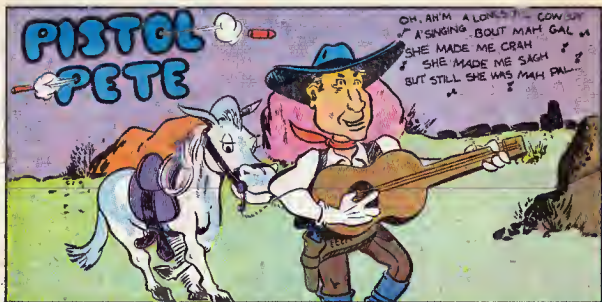
DOGGONE! YA
MUSTA DROPPED
A MILLION LUMPS
O' DIRT IN THE
RIVER!

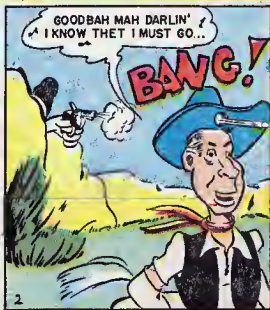
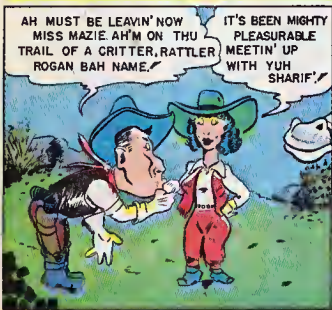
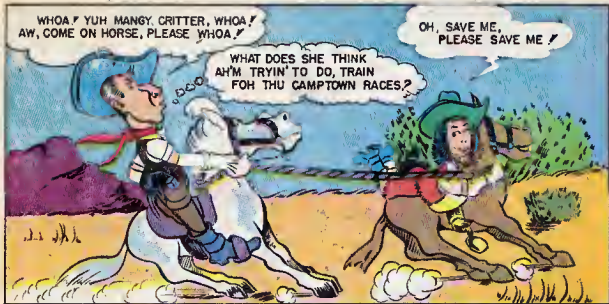
NOPE! JEST
A THOUSAND!
I COUNTED
'EM!

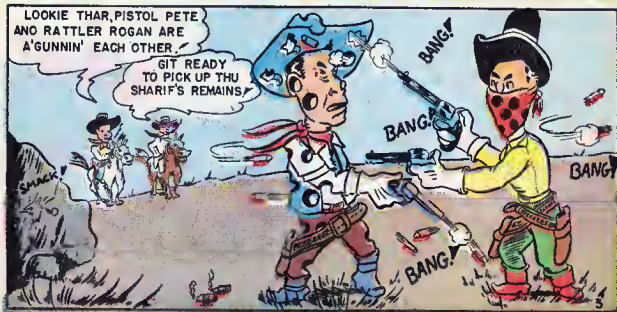
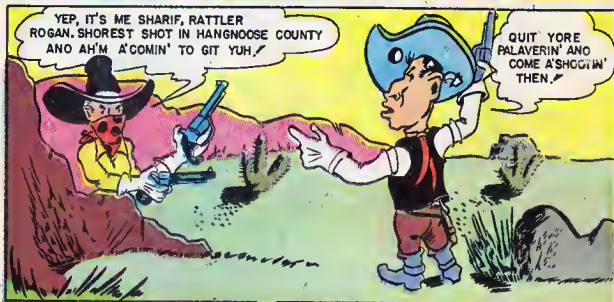
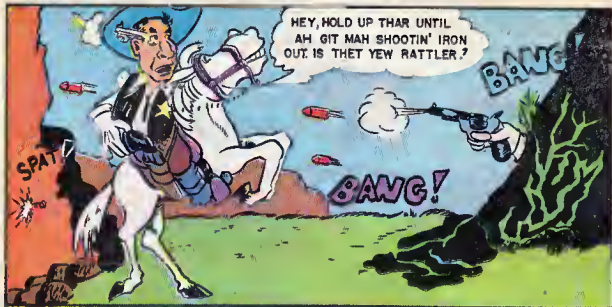


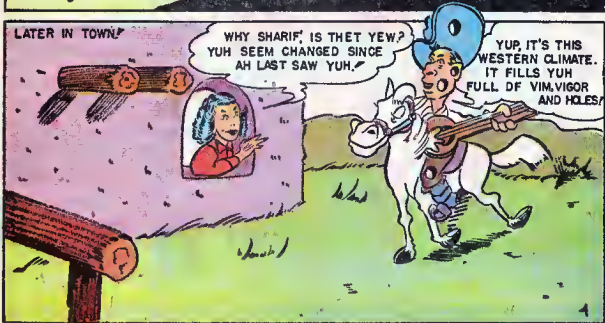
AN DARN MY HIDE IF THEM THOUSAND
LUMPS O' DIRT AIN'T STILL THERE SMACK
DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE
RIVER... ONLY NOWADAYS THEYSE
CALLED THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.











THE ACTION STORY OF

Wild Bill Hickok

WILD BILL WAS THE SUREST-SHOOTIN', ROUGHEST-RIDIN' LAW-AN-ORDER MAN THE OLD TIME WEST EVER DID SEE. WHY, FOLKS USED TO CALL 'IM A "CIVILIZIN' INFLUENCE"... MEANIN' EITHER LIVE RIGHT OR TANGLE WITH WILD BILL!



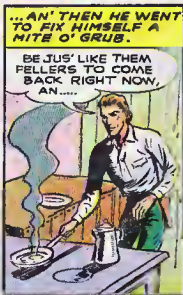
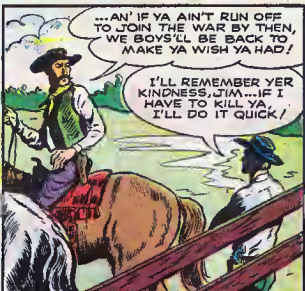
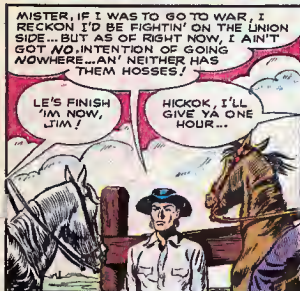
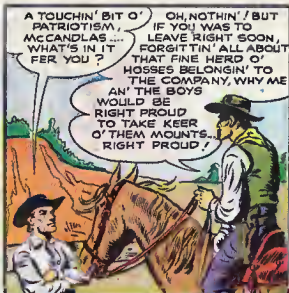
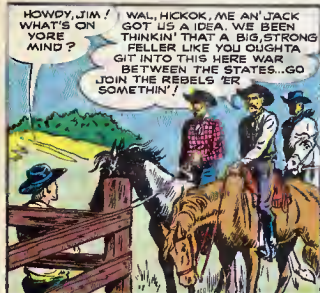
SO LONG, LAFE...
SEE YA NEXT WEEK!

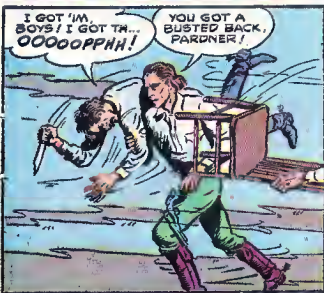
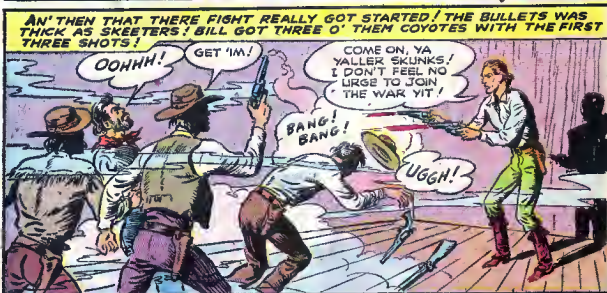


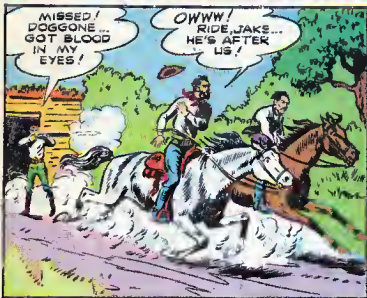
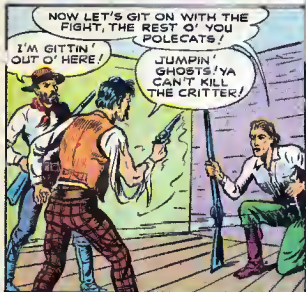
EVER HEAR TELL OF WILD BILL'S FIRST FIGHT... THE ONE THAT MADE 'IM FAMOUS? WAL, IT HAPPENED WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG 'UN, IN CHARGE OF A LONESOME STATION WHERE THE OVERLAND STAGE CHANGED HORSES, NEAR ROCK CREEK, KANSAS.....

HMM! THAT'S THEM CRAZY McCANDLAS BROTHERS, TROUBLE ON THE HOOF!









SHERIFF JOHN SLAUGHTER

INDIAN FIGHTER, EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIER, EX-TEXAS RANGER AND EXPERT COWMAN, JOHN SLAUGHTER MADE HIS DECISIONS IN A CALM, REMORSELESS SILENCE.

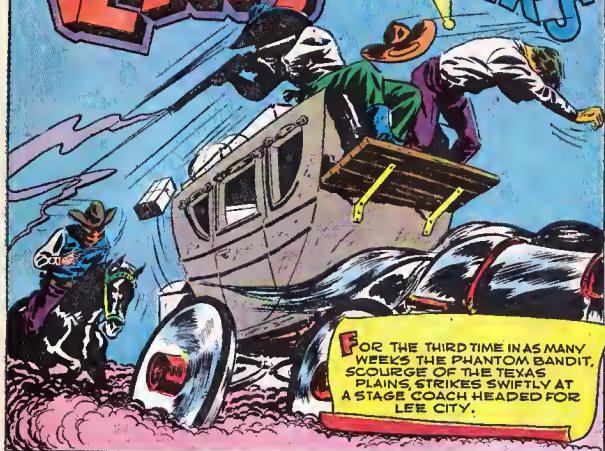


JOHN SLAUGHTER

HE BEGAN HIS CAREER IN TEXAS BY KILLING (THE BADMAN OF BITTER CREEK) GALLAGHER, WHO LIVED BY 'CUTTING THE HERDS' OF TIMMO OVERS. LEAVING THE PANHANDLE HE WENT TO ARIZONA MARRYING ENROUTE. HE HAD MANY ESCAPES FROM BEING DRYGULCHEO WHICH AT TIMES SEEMED ALMOST MIRACULOUS. THIS WAS THE MAN WHO WAS MADE SHERIFF OF COCHISE. SLAUGHTER HAD HIS OWN METHOD OF DEALING OUT LAW. HE WOULD RIDE UP TO AN UNDESIRABLE CHARACTER AND SAY, "COCHISE HAS NO ROOM FOR A MAN LIKE YOU, GET OUT." NOT MANY WERE BOLD ENOUGH TO ARGUE THE POINT. THOSE THAT WERE, REMAINED AS PERMANENT RESIDENTS IN BOOTHILL. AFTER LEAVING A RECORD MATCHING THE BEST IN THE WEST, JOHN SLAUGHTER RETIRED AND WENT BACK TO HIS CATTLE EMPIRE.

A TALE OF THE

TEXAS RANGERS



FOR THE THIRD TIME IN AS MANY WEEKS THE PHANTOM BANDIT, SCOURGE OF THE TEXAS PLAINS, STRIKES SWIFTLY AT A STAGE COACH HEADED FOR LEE CITY.

WE GOT 'EM PLUM
CLEANED OUT, BOYS!
LEAVE 'EM BE NOW
TO BURY THEIR
DEAD!

I'M GOING
TO FAINT..
OOOH!



MY NIECE IS NEW
FROM THE EAST.
THIS IS A FINE
RECEPTION FOR
HER!

IT'S THAT
PHANTOM!
HE'S PLAYING
HAVOC WITH
THIS TOWN!



WELL THERE'S THE LOOT FROM THIS HAUL! IT'S MAKING A NICE STACK

YUH SHORE GOT 'EM FOOLED, ANDERSON, NOBODY SUSPECTS YOU!



GET THIS, SNAKE, HERE AND EVERYWHERE I'M KNOWN AS THE PHANTOM! IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO CHANGE AND GIT, I'D SAY IT WITH LEAD.

OOOW, I DIDN'T MEAN IT!



CACHE THAT STUFF I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW MEANWHILE I'M RIDING INTO TOWN TO GET THE REACTION TO OUR LATEST RAID.

SO LONG, PHANTOM.



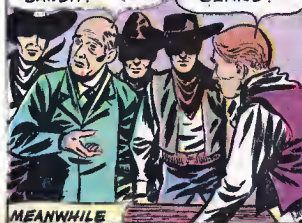
THE PHANTOM NEVER RODE OFF WITHOUT CHECKIN' THE TAKE ON A JOB. WHAT'S THE HURRY

I SEEN HIM LOOKIN OVER THE GAL WHAT FAINTED. HE ALWAYS HAD A EYE FER GALS.



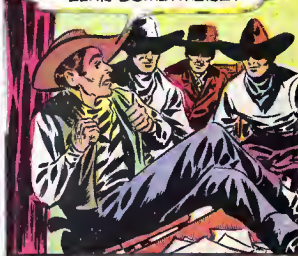
THESE RAIDS ARE SERIOUS; SHERIFF KRAFT HAS ASKED FRANK WILSON OF THE TEXAS RANGERS TO HELP RUN DOWN THE PHANTOM BANDIT!

WELL, WILSON, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION? THIS LAST RAID INCLUDES THE MURDER OF A GUARD!



MEANWHILE

ON FIRST THOUGHT, I'D SAY IF THERE HAVE BEEN THREE RAIDS BY THE PHANTOM AGAINST THIS BANK'S SHIPMENTS, THERE'S A LEAK SOMEWHERE!



THAT'S A POWERFUL
CHARGE RANGER!
BETTER BE CARE-
FUL 'FORE WE
MENTION IT OUT-
SIDE THIS MEETIN'!

MAKES SENSE
THO' ZEB AN'
I ARE THE ONLY
ONES HERE
CONNECTED
WITH THE BANK
S'POSE WE SPEAK
PRIVATE LIKE!



YOUNG TOM COLT
IS THE ONLY ONE
WHO COULD HAVE
TOLD, EXCEPT US
TWO, ZEB!

BY GOLLY, I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT! MARINA
DAVIS, MY NIECE
HAS JUST COME
OUT TO MARRY UP
WITH TOM!



AN HOUR LATER, AT ZEB'S HOME ...

MARTHA'S JUST BEEN
TELLIN' ME ABOUT
THE STAGE HOLDUP!

YES, TOM, IT'S BAD!
WE GOT ANOTHER
SHIPMENT DUE
TOMORROW, BUT
WE'RE PLANNIN'
TO TAKE CARE OF
THAT ONE!



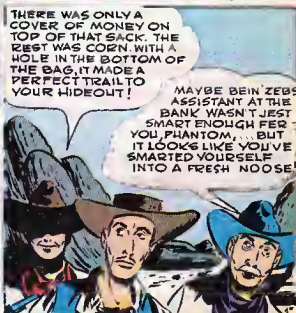
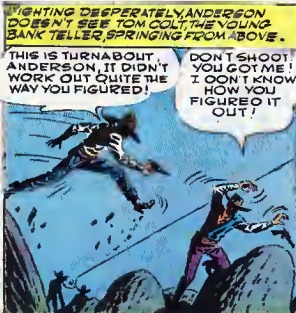
I SURE HOPE YOU
GET THE PHANTOM,
MR. HUTLEY, I WOULDN'T
BE MUCH GOOD, BUT
IF I CAN HELP...

WILSON'S TAKIN' A
POSSE TO DRY GULCH
FIGURIN' THE PHANTOM
WILL STRIKE AS
USUAL!



THIS TIME WE STRIKE AT SHERRY
CREEK! THE POSSE THINKS
WE'LL HIT DRY GULCH, AS USUAL!







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to
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...when You Know How!

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How To Interest Her
In You
How To Win Her
Love
How To Express Your
Love
How To "Make Up"
With Her
How To Have "Per-
sonality"

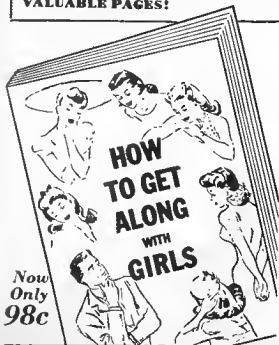
How To Look Your
Best
How Not To Offend
How To Be Well-
Mannered
How To Overcome
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How To Hold Her
Love
How To Show Her A
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TWAIN Shall Meet TEXT .. 2

LEGENDS OF PAUL BUNYAN HARMON? 4

PISTOL PETE 4

WILD BILL HICKOK Wm ALLISON 4

SHERIFF JOHN SLAUGHTER L.S.* = LEE SHERMAN 1

TALE OF THE TEXAS RANGERS BILL FRACCIO 4